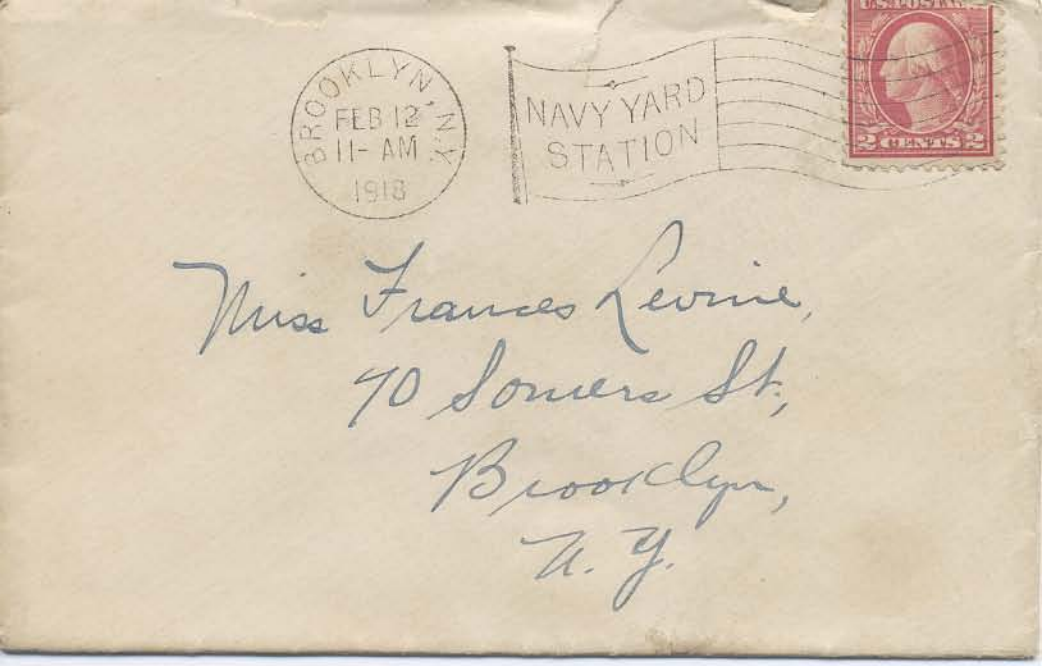

Feb. 12th, 1918.

Hello, Toots:-

How's my pussycat? Feeling much better than you did last night. Hope so.

Well honey, I made $2.50 last night. I thought it was the woman with well, but the people that came last night were business men who wanted me to fill out some blanks for them on the American Bonding Co. It was quite easy, but anyway, I sure didn't feel like leaving you last night. I was worried about you. Felt you were ill, instead of being merely tired. Hope you are feeling much better.

I wrote to Reve to-day. Asked him to please send me the books he promised he would slip me.

Hope he does it.

Will close now, darling mine, with all my love to my sweet little wifey, Ever lovingly yours

Hubby.

Will call you up to-night.